

**The World's Greatest Doctors agree that one of the best ways to build new flesh and strength is by using just such ingredients as are used in Father John's Medicine—which has had 60 years of success as a food tonic and for treating colds and coughs.**

*No alcohol or dangerous drugs*

## AMERICAN SOLDIERS INTENSELY EAGER

This Is Shown By the Fact That Time Required to Unload Ship Has Been Reduced from Four Days to Forty Hours.

American Port, Western France, Sept. 23 (Correspondence of the Associated Press).—The spirit which animates all Americans here is the same as that of the front line trenches, is the words of the general commanding. It is an inspiration of intense eagerness. This is shown by the fact that under the stress of haste to send American soldiers to the fighting front, the time required to unload the greatest of American transports bringing 12,000 troops, coal, oil and other supplies, has been reduced from four days to forty hours.

This is the best deep-water port of western continental Europe with a harbor capable of receiving the navies of the world, and yet up to the time the Americans came here six months ago it was practically undeveloped and unused.

It was estimated that the facilities might possibly permit the landing of 20,000 men a month.

But with 250,000 men a month coming from America, something had to be done on a gigantic scale and done quickly. Fortunately the emergency produced the men; an American brigadier general who has planned and executed some of the great engineering projects of the west, and an American admiral who has the reputation of accomplishing large things in a quiet way. Around them were grouped men of the same talents.

Out of it has arisen this marvelous receiving port of to-day, where one day's loading of 45,000 men has been followed the next day by 15,000—60,000 in two days or at the unheard rate of 900,000 a month. And the strange thing has been that the port has not felt or even known of the huge migration passing through its gates so quietly and smoothly the organization has functioned.

It is the same with the handling of the immense stocks of war supplies as it is with the handling of troops. Six months ago it was estimated that 6,000 tons a month could be handled. Actually more than that is handled daily, and this is not the main port for supplies, as it is for men.

A large measure of credit for the high record in debarking troops is given by the general to the officer in charge of the several thousand negro stevedores. This officer has had a remarkable career which exactly equips him for the present huge undertaking. He was a Liverpool dockerman, who went to the United States with the Cunard company, and worked up to the position of terminal superintendent at Boston. An expert and master of docking he was appointed a major in the army. But he forgets all about being a major when he takes command of those 2,000 black stevedores and a great ocean steamer heaves into sight with thousands of men aboard who must be landed on record time. All the old spirit of the Liverpool dockerman comes back again, he becomes a human dynamo, and the army of black stevedores follow him with the same eagerness that men follow their leader "over the top."

Here are some examples showing just what this means:

When the greatest of American trans-

## EX-CZAR'S BODY RECOVERED?

Troops of "People's" Army Are Said to Have Located It

SOLEMN HONORS WERE THEN PAID

Remains Will Be Buried in a Special Sarcophagus at Omsk

Amsterdam, Sept. 23.—Solemn ceremonies over the body of Nicholas Romanoff, former emperor of Russia, have been held at Yekaterinburg by troops of the "people's army," according to Ivestia of Moscow. The body had been buried in a wood near where the emperor was executed and was located through information provided by persons acquainted with circumstances of the execution.

The body was placed in a zinc coffin encased in Siberian cedar and placed in the cathedral at Yekaterinburg under a guard of honor composed of the commanders of the "people's army." It will be buried in a special sarcophagus at Omsk.

This is the second time that funeral services over the body of Nicholas Romanoff have been reported. A telegram from Stockholm on Aug. 22, stated that, by order of the Czechoslovak authorities, the body of the former emperor, which had been buried in a suicide cemetery, had been exhumed and solemnly re-interred on consecrated ground. For a long time after the execution of the former emperor the disposition made of his body was a mystery. One report stated that it had been taken to the deepest pit of a coal mine at Yekaterinburg and there destroyed.

**TRIED TO KILL TROTSKY.**

Soldier Fires Twice at Bolshevik War Minister, But Misses.

London, Sept. 23.—An attempt has been made at Kurlak to assassinate Leon Trotsky, the bolshevik minister of war and marine, according to a dispatch sent from Kiev by the correspondent of the Leipzig Abend Zeitung. The report says a soldier fired twice at Trotsky, but missed his mark.

ports first came over it took 52 days to unload her at Liverpool. The next trip was better—34 days. Then on the third trip it was decided to send her to the French port where the Americans had begun to take things over. It was a risky experiment, they thought. But they failed to reckon on the major and his black stevedores, for this is the remarkable record of how the great vessel has been handled at this port.

First arrival, 10,000 men and supplies unloaded, and the ship coaled and sent back in four days.

Second arrival, unloaded, coaled and sent back in three days.

Third arrival, unloaded, coaled and sent back in forty-eight hours.

Fourth arrival, unloaded, coaled and sent back in forty hours.

The magnitude of such an accomplishment may be judged by the fact that 3,000 tons of coal has to be put on the huge transport to send her back and all of this must be loaded from lighters as her 41 feet of draught keeps her far out in the harbor. And all this in forty hours besides debarking 10,000 troops on lighters and several thousand tons of steel and emergency war cargo.

Americans seem to have discovered for the first time that this port is nearer New York than any of the great ports, and is thus on the great commercial high road from the west to continental Europe. This holds out a brilliant future for the port in the after the war commercial renaissance. One of the foremost American engineers recently said he would like to undertake to make this the great commercial port of Europe, and he believed this would certainly result from the American development incident to the war. So that, besides landing soldiers and supplies here, America is paving the way to making this the first port of Europe and the landing terminal for the commercial penetration of Europe from the west.

## Resinol heals itching skin troubles

Resinol Ointment usually stops itching at once. It quickly and easily heals most cases of eczema, rash or similar skin eruptions, and is due to distressing skin conditions. Physicians prescribe Resinol Ointment regularly so you need not hesitate to try it.

Resinol Soap should usually be used with Resinol Ointment. The Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

## ACQUIRING THE HABIT.

By Gertrude Atherton of The Vigilantes.

Probably nothing could humiliate us more than to be forced to admit any superior quality in a race for which we have a profound loathing and contempt. And yet it is a fact that the national habit of thrift in Germany is one secret of its prolonged resistance to the combined might of the civilized world. It is quite true that before the war the Germans were gross eaters, but they wasted nothing. The moment the civilians were ordered to eat less and save the scraps they drew in their belts and did as they were told. It might be difficult to control the cravings of their distended stomachs but to scribble and save involved no long apprenticeship, cost them practically no effort whatever.

The same may be said of France. While England—as a nation—has been our own—was learning repeated and almost frantic warnings to her people, devising constant new methods to control their natural extravagance, and at one time threatened with starvation, the French simply went on economizing and never were in danger for a moment.

I never shall forget my first visit to Paris. It was to friends who lived in great style. But if I happened to feel hungry during the day or when I went to bed late, I either had to go hungry or satisfy my healthy young appetite at a confiserie. There is never an extra roll in a French household. Exact rations are bought every morning for the day. If there are children in the home, who must be fed between meals, that is provided for, but nothing whatever for eccentric appetites.

I rebelled vigorously and denounced the French as a mean, stingy, economical race, an opprobrium extending to the Americans who drifted supinely into the national habit.

Little did I think in those days that the national habit of thrift and severe economy in France was one of their greatest sources of strength. The national debt of France before the war was subscribed to almost exclusively by the peasant class and lower bourgeoisie, people who periodically dug into their stockpiles and bought a new bond. Nothing can exceed the self-denial of those classes. It was for this reason that Le Bien-Etre du Blesse, which was formed at the request of the French government to provide delicacies for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals of the war zone, was a private organization, the funds to be raised by subscription. The men must have the tempting and delicate foods or die, but if the government had taken over the task itself that would have meant another tax, to be followed immediately by a popular outcry.

To the average French mind delicate rhymes with luxury, and it would have been impossible to convince the millions drudging at home that wounded men needed what they never had before, ill or well.

When I lived in Munich I had a Swiss maid in a house implicit (and justifiable) faith. She would come to me periodically and say: "Madame, je n'ai plus d'argent; et I would hand out several hundred marks. That was all I had to do with the housekeeping during my seven years' residence in Germany. And yet my incommensurable Elise would never give me anything to eat between meals but zwieback, which in Germany is as hard as the three-cured national bread.

I have found it comparatively easy to follow most of the Hoover rules, for I have always eaten meat liberally as a matter of duty, and took kindly to graham biscuits with my morning tea. Moreover, the bread and butter habit at lunch and dinner I have always thought vulgar. But to eliminate waste has been a different matter. Still I have in a measure succeeded. There is nothing in the bread box of anywhere else (except the inevitable boxes of graham biscuits) but the daily ration; so that now when I come home in the afternoon hungry I either forget it or eat a few more graham biscuits—which I shall never look at again after the war is over.

I mention this personal experience because it is no doubt that of many others. In a short time it will be the experience of every one in the United States; for the way this nation has waked up, denied itself its customary luxuries in order to put the money into the Liberty loan and W. S. S. is the most significant thing in its history. And as there is something very fascinating about thrift and economy after it has been practiced for a time no doubt the habit will be a lasting one, and this nation will reach heights of wealth and strength of character that its most ardent native admirer never would have ventured to predict. More than any other single cause does a national habit, if it is a good one, knit a nation together, prevent the disintegration which comes from the softness of over-indulgence.

And for the formation of this habit of thrift, and the lucid exposition of what thrift means in the winning of the war, we must thank the W. S. S. campaign. I doubt if any individual in this country, barring the traitors who call themselves pacifists and I. W. Ws, has failed to buy himself at least one W. S. S. Many have put into them all their hard-earned savings. But even the possession of one W. S. S. makes its possessor think. And when this nation has learned to think as a unit it will be what it now imagines it is, the greatest nation in the world.

When basting long seams, you will save much time and work if you will have a box of clips or paper fasteners by you and use them to clip together the edges of the cloth.—McCall's Magazine.

## BULGARIANS BURN PROPERTY

As They Retreat Before the Concerted Allies' Attack

SERBIANS CAPTURE MUCH ARTILLERY

The German Reinforcements Stiffen the Defense Somewhat

Paris, Sunday, Sept. 22.—To-night's war office statement says: "Eastern theatre, Sept. 21.—To-day the French and Serbian armies broke across the massif of Drachevishko. Serious resistance is being offered by the Bulgarian rear guards reinforced by German troops.

Allied troops have progressed to the north of Vagari and Kavadar and reached the Vardar in the direction of Negorin and Demirkapu.

"The enemy has destroyed much property near Gradsko and in the region of the Vardar and Ke Doiran, where he has burned railway stations, depots, munition parks and aviation supplies. The number of prisoners and cannon captured has been augmented. Serbian troops have taken one group of mountain artillery complete and one battery of 105's.

"Aviation forces continue to harass the retreating columns of the enemy.

"On the eastern side of the Cerna bend the enemy has begun to retire and allied troops have taken Chianiste and Orle.

"In the region north and northeast of the Drenna massif French and Greek troops continue to progress with the Serbian armies."

## Topics of the Home and Household.

### Sugarless Recipes.

Tapioa Fruit Mold—2 cups milk, ½ cup honey or 1-3 cup corn syrup, 6 level tablespoons small tapioca, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream, berries for garnishing. Heat milk in a double boiler, add sweetener and stir in the tapioca. Cook for 30 minutes. Pour in a bowl to cool, then add vanilla and fold in the cream which has been whipped. Ornament with fresh berries, chili and serve. It may also be served with fruit sauce.

Baked Custard—1 quart milk, ½ cup syrup, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Heat the milk, add the syrup and salt. Stir in the eggs which are slightly beaten. Add vanilla. Bake in a moderately hot oven 15 to 25 minutes or until a sharp pointed knife inserted in custard comes out clean.

Snow Pudding—1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, ½ cup boiling water, 1½ cups syrup or ¾ cup honey, ¼ cup lemon juice, 3 eggs whites/used yolks for salad dressing or for soft custard sauce). Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add the sweetening and lemon juice, strain and allow to cool; stir mixture constantly. When nearly thick, beat egg whites beaten stiff and continue beating the mixture until stiff enough to hold its shape. Mold in a large dish or in individual molds. Serve with a soft custard sauce.

Soft Custard—1 pint milk, ½ scant cup syrup or ¼ cup honey, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 whole eggs or 4 yolks, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Scald milk in double boiler, add syrup, salt and stir together. Pour slowly into slightly beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler until mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Add vanilla. Remove from fire.

Corn Bread Continues.

Corn bread continues to be the commanding officer in the battalion devoted to wheat conservation. Wherever you live, one of these good recipes should please you, for the United States food administration has picked these from a large collection sent in from north and south.

Note—Corn meal and flour should be sifted before measuring.

New England Corn Cake—1 cup corn meal, 1 cup white flour, 3 tablespoons baking powder, 1 egg, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons melted fat, 2 tablespoons syrup. Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat the egg light; add the milk, fat and syrup. Stir into the dry mixture and pour into a well greased shallow pan and bake 25 to 30 minutes.

Note—This corn bread may be made from any kind of corn meal.

Virginia Pone—1 cup hot boiled hominy, 2 cups milk, ¼ cup fat, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup white corn meal, 3 tablespoons baking powder, 2 eggs well beaten. Add the milk and hominy to the meal, add salt, corn meal and baking powder, mixed and sifted together, then the eggs well beaten. Bake in an earthen dish 45 minutes. Serve in the dish cut in triangular pieces.

Note—Any kind of corn meal may be used for this pone, though white corn meal made of the whole grain is preferred.

Southern Spoon Bread—½ cup fat and cracklings from pork, beef or chicken fat, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup corn meal, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt. Add fat and cracklings to water, and when boiling sprinkle in salt and corn meal, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF STOPS PAIN

For Rheumatic—Muscular or Neuralgic Pain

Put a quantity of Radway's Ready Relief in the hollow of your hand and rub over the part of the body affected.

Radway's Ready Relief 25c 50c \$1.00

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

TAKEN INTERNALLY

FOR THE RELIEF OF stomach and bowel pains, nervous chills, indigestion, faintness, dizziness, cramps in bowels.

RADWAY & CO., Inc., 238 Centre St., New York.

## DO YOU WANT MORE STRENGTH?

This Manchester Woman Overcame Her Debility and Tells How She Did It.

People with strong constitutions escape many minor ills that make life miserable for others. Don't you envy the friend who does not know what a headache, indigestion, nervousness, perfect and sleep undisturbed?

How far do you come from this description, and have you ever made an earnest effort to strengthen your constitution, to build up your system to ward off disease and discomfort?

Everyone cannot have perfect health but unless you have an organic disease it is generally possible to improve your physical condition by attention to the rule of health, the first of which is to keep the blood built up.

"About a year ago," says Mrs. William Martin of No. 245 Merrimack street, Manchester, N. H., "I had a severe attack of jaundice which took away my strength completely. I would have severe attacks of biliousness which would upset my stomach. I was pale and saw-allow and tired all of the time and had no appetite. My system was so weak, my appetite was poor and I did not enjoy my food. The continued loss of flesh alarmed me and nothing that I took seemed to help me to recover.

"A friend of mine had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for an anemic condition and I decided to try them. After the first box I could see that they were helping me, I seemed to have more strength and new ambition to take three boxes at that time and I gladly recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for I am satisfied that they are a good remedy and I know that they have certainly helped me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain just the elements needed to build up the blood and restore the lost color and vitality. New energy circulates through the system with the enriched blood. The heart stops its alarming palpitations, color returns to cheeks and lips.

Nothing more is needed except sunlight, good air, proper food and rest. If you do not know exactly what rules to follow in these matters write to-day to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for booklets on the blood and diet. Your own druggist sells Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Adv.

1 hour, cool, and add well beaten eggs. Turn into oiled dish and bake in a moderate oven ¾ of an hour.

Note—White corn meal made from the whole grain is particularly desirable for this bread. It can be made with northern degerminated corn meal if it is cooked in a double boiler for an hour. Southern meal needs only to be scalded.

Okra.

Ask a southerner what okra is and he's apt to look bewildered. Say gumbo, and he'll tell you it's fine. There are many delicious recipes for preparing okra, which must never be cooked in a metal container, but always in porcelain, agate or earthenware.

Baked Gumbo—Place a thin layer of boiled or steamed rice in a baking dish. Add a layer of thinly sliced okra; then a layer of sliced tomatoes. Salt, pepper and add a small lump of butter. Repeat with alternate layers of rice, okra and tomatoes until the dish is filled. Cover and bake in the oven for about half an hour. Remove cover and brown on top. Then serve in the baking dish. This baked gumbo is just the thing for the one-dish lunch, or the dinner that is prepared in the oven.

For a warm day, there is okra salad, a cooling dish that is easily prepared.

Okra Salad—Boil the young pods whole, cooking them slowly for one-half hour. When cold, dress with vinegar, salt and pepper. If you prefer, use plain French dressing and serve very cold.

Creamed Okra—Creamed okra, made by creaming the boiled pods, cut in rings or half-inch pieces, is a good summer vegetable. Then there is the way of boiling a quart of tender okra in a pint of water, with a tablespoon of vinegar. Salt and pepper to taste, and serve hot, with butter over it like green peas.

Southerners use okra in soups during the winter. They dry it on cloth or wire trays or by the more simple method of stringing it on a coarse thread and hanging it to dry. The distinctive flavor of the vegetable, which makes it so popular in Mediterranean countries, proves valuable in combination with tomatoes and potatoes in baked fish, or in cooking left-over meats in stews and in casseroles.

For those who live north of the Mason and Dixon line, the taste of okra is easily acquired. It is not difficult to raise. There is a farmer's bulletin from the department of agriculture that explains the raising of okra—makes it seem so easy that the city dweller longs to plant some in his window boxes and raise his own tender pods for summer vegetables and dry them to flavor "gumbo" soups and winter stews.

Cottage Cheese Has Come to Stay.

Cottage cheese, although well known on grandmother's table, made its first bow as a real food in many city homes only recently.

No longer regarded merely as an attractive garnish for a salad, it now stands firmly as a very popular main dish of a meal and one of the cheapest and most wholesome substitutes for meat.

In Spokane, Wash., as a result of a recent campaign the daily sales increased from 100 to 1,800 pounds. Daily sales of cottage cheese in Salt Lake City, Seattle, San Francisco and Spokane together were 3,900 pounds more than before the campaign.

Although this increased consumption of cottage cheese is urged purely as a war measure to save meat, it does not seem likely that this delicious food will ever again sink into its past obscurity.

The Federal United States food administration building in Washington, D. C., where a daily average of more than 600 employees are catered to, orders 20 quarts of cottage cheese daily to be served in plain molds at five cents a plate. Thirty-six more quarts daily are used in salads, where the cottage cheese forms the substantial part and is combined with peppers, parsley, nuts, tomatoes, etc.

Another favorite way of serving cottage cheese in this cafeteria is to make it into loaves combined with beans, peas, rice, jelly or nuts.

Although cottage cheese can be bought from nearly every milkman, it is made so simply that most housewives prepare it themselves. Warm sour milk, either whole or skimmed, can be used. Set it on the back of the stove or put a bowl of it into a pan of hot but not boiling water for about 20 minutes. Stir occasionally, and when the curds and whey separate pour off the whey through a sieve. Work the curd with a spoon and add salt. When fairly dry, work again until smooth. Dorothy Dexter.

## THE VOICE

By HELENA M. KENNEY.

The train rolled slowly out of the station, leaving a girl standing on the platform. Nellie Windsor was fifteen years old. Her mother and father were dead and she had no one but Uncle Jo and Aunt Betty. Uncle Jo had written her to come and live with him—and here she was. It was fully ten minutes before Uncle Jo came, and when he did he gave her a hearty kiss and lifted her into the buggy and off they went. Arriving at the farm, she found Aunt Betty waiting on the porch for her, and such a dear old lady she was. It was then 3:30 o'clock and the rest of the afternoon was spent in unpacking her clothes and learning the rounds of the house. After supper she went directly to bed, because she was tired from her long journey.

The next afternoon she wandered around, picking flowers, chasing butterflies, and gathering an apron full of apples, she went down to the little brook. It was nice and cool and she was enjoying herself when—"Hello," said a voice. She looked up, but saw no one.

"I say, hello," again came the voice; this time it seemed to come from the tree that was across the brook.

"Hello yourself," replied Nellie.

"Where are you?"

"Up here in the tree," said the voice.

"Come down," she said.

"Nope," answered the voice. No amount of teasing would make the voice come down. It was getting late, so Nellie said: "If I come here tomorrow will you let me see who you are?"

"Maybe," replied the voice. So Nellie scampered up the hill and home. But she was not to see the owner of the voice tomorrow, for when she got up the next morning it was raining.

Uncle Jo came in at dinner time with an invitation for Nellie to spend the afternoon with the Browns, who lived across the field. Slowly she went upstairs to dress, sorry because she could not go down to the brook, but maybe it would be there some other time; so with this happy thought in mind she was soon ready, and Uncle Jo took her over to the Browns'. She was rather shy, being among strangers, but Mrs. Brown soon put her at ease. Molly Brown was Nellie's age, and they took to each other right away. While they were sitting talking about nothing in particular the doorbell rang and Molly's mother went and admitted five young people who had come to spend the afternoon. Soon a boy about a year older than herself came in and was introduced as Billy Brown. What a good time she had, and what nice girls and boys they were! But Billy—where had she heard that voice? The afternoon passed all too quickly and when the guests rose to go Mrs. Brown shook hands with them all, and so did Molly and Billy. When Nellie arrived home she could not help thinking what a nice boy Billy was, and she blushed when she thought how he had given her hand a tiny, unnecessary squeeze.

The days that followed were the happiest ones she had ever had. Long rambles with Molly and the Tucker twins, picnics, and often she would go for long walks with Billy. She liked Billy very much and Billy liked Nellie. But she did not forget the voice. Every day she would go down to the brook and talk and talk with it. She would tell it of the nice time she was having, and went so far as to tell it of Billy. Thus two weeks passed on and Nellie thought she was never going to see the voice, when one day the voice told her that she would see it tomorrow, sure. To be sure Nellie was there at the appointed time and the voice said, "If I come down will you promise to give me one thing?"

Wondering what it could be, but curious to see the voice, as she had called it, she readily said, "Yes." It slid down the tree and there stood—Billy!

"You—you?" she gasped. Billy smiled and said, "Your promise." She was so surprised she did not know what to say. At length she said, "What do you want?"

"A kiss," he replied.

"Oh—h—" and she turned to flee up the hill, but Billy like a flash caught her. It was useless for her to try to get away, even if she wanted to. (Copyright, 1917, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Here She Goes, There She Goes.

Frank C. Dalley, attorney, tells the following, and vows it is a true tale: An Indianapolis business man of mature years received a letter from his secretary, and after trying in vain to read the written words told the secretary to send it to Fort Wayne, whence it came, and to inform the sender he had better learn to write.

"But, sir, this is a letter you wrote and sent to Fort Wayne," the secretary replied. "They sent it back, saying they could not make it out."

"Well, send it back and tell them to learn to read," thundered the boss.—Indianapolis News.

Long Picnic.

A number of Muncie men attended a picnic in Greenville, O., one Sunday not long ago at which, according to reports, more than a thousand persons present had a gay time, with all necessary "trimmings" for such an occasion.

"Did you have a good time at the Greenville picnic yesterday?" a young Muncie business man was asked in his office the next day, that being blue Monday.

"I don't know," was the reply; "I'm not home yet."—Indianapolis Star.

Fully Qualified.

Captain Singleton (to naval applicant)—Did you ever serve on a man-of-war?

Henry Peck (who had married a widow)—No; but I was second mate of a woman-of-war.

The Result.

"Dear me, girls! What on earth is that peculiar sweetish smell in the air all over the house?"

"Why, Geraldine is burning her old love letters in the furnace."

The Application.

"Did you hear how the baseball umpire used the old proverb?"

"No; what did he say?"

"That you can't touch pitchers without being reviled."

## WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 36 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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